THE LETTER,

No. 12.

OF THE

Songs & Superstitions of Ireland,

WRITTEN AND COMPOSED

BY

SAMUEL LOVER Esqr.

AUTHOR OF

Victoria the Queen, The Land of Dreams, The Land of the West, Sleep my Love, The Wind & the Weathercock, Oh once I had-Lovers, I leave you to guess, The Fountain & the Flower: Beauty & Time, Can you guess, The Poor Blind Boy, When and Where, True love can never forget, The Blarney, The Haunted Spring, The Child & the Gossamer, The How I pass with thee, Wishes sweet-to remember, Bring me that ancient Bowl of Wine, Memory & Hope, Star of the Desert, Sit on the cascade & the Serenade &c

London, Published by J. DUFF & Co. 65, Oxford Street,

where may be had the whole of this Work, viz.

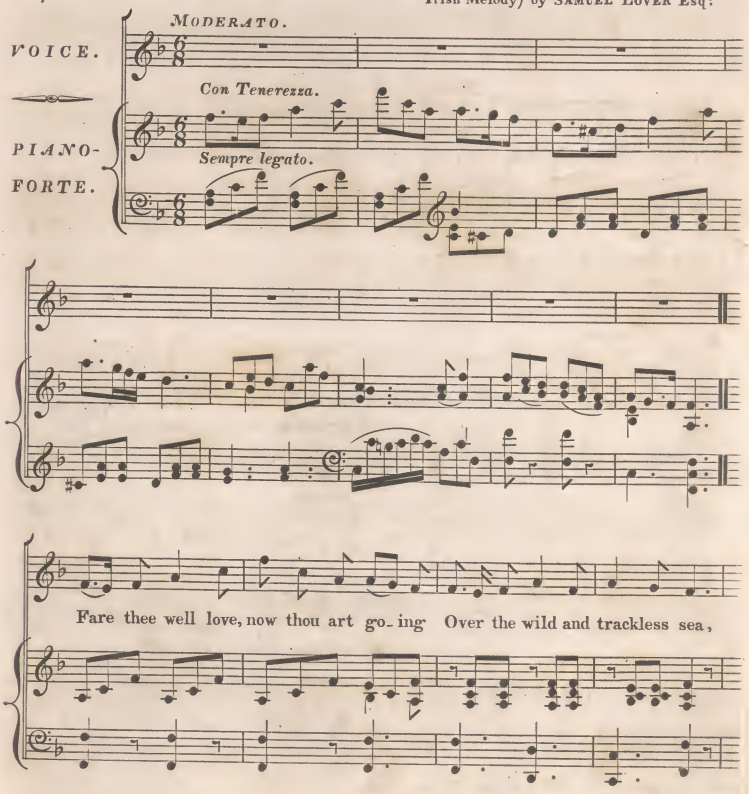
No. 1. THE MAY-DEW	2/	No. 7. THE NEW MOON	2/
2. THE RING & THE WINDING SHEET	2/	8. THE FOUR-LEAVED SHAMROCK	2/
3. RORY O'MORE	1/6	9. THE CHARM	2/
4. THE ANGELS WHISPER	2/	10. THE FALLING STAR	2/
5. THE MORNING DREAM	2/	11. THE FAIRY BOY	2/
6. THE FAIRY TEMPTER	2/	12. THE LETTER	2/

Eat. Sta. Hall. Price 2/

THE LETTER.

A small spark attached to the wick of the candle is considered to indicate the arrival of a letter to the one before whom it burns.

The Poetry and Music (suggested by an Irish Melody) by SAMUEL LOVER Esq.



Smooth be its waves and fair the wind blowing, Tho' 'tis to bear thee far from me:

Ritard. *tempo.*

But when on the waste of o_cean, Some happy home-bound bark you see,

colla voce.

Con espres.

Swear by the truth of thy heart's devotion, To send a let_ter back to me.

p

colla voce.

p

Ritard.

Think of the shore thou'st left be_hind thee,

Even when reaching a bright-er strand; Let not the gol-den glories blind thee,

Con Spirito.

Of that gorgeous Indian land; Send me not its diamond treasures, Nor

f *colla voce.* *f*

molto espres.

pearls from the depth of its sunny sea, But tell me of all thy woes and pleasures,

In a long let-ter back to me.

Ritard.

But while dwelling in lands of plea_sure, Think, as you bask in their

bright sunshine, That while the ling'_ring time I measure,

Ritard:

Sad and wintry hours are mine; Lone_ly by my ta_per weeping, And

colla voce.

tempo.

watching the spark of promise to see; All for that bright spark my

night-watch keeping, For oh *'tis* a let-ter love from thee! To

say that soon thy sail will be flow-ing, Homeward to bear thee

o-ver the sea, Calm be the waves and swift the wind blowing, For

oh! thou art coming back to me.

Ritard.